

ABOUT Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY.

OUR HAARE, manager of Klaw & Erlanger's Metropolitan Theatre in Seattle, is a New York visitor. Mr. Haare brings encouraging reports from the West. He says that conditions indicate that the West will be a fertile field for theatrical attractions during the coming season.

"We are prosperous out our way," said Mr. Haare last night. "The people have money and will, I believe, spend it for theatrical entertainment. I look for an excellent season. In our immediate vicinity the lumber mills are all running at top speed, and that means prosperity. It has been a long time since the mills were all going, but they are hard at it now. It looks to me as though the legitimate stage is coming back into its own this coming season."

ALL TAD'S FAULT.

When that big clap of thunder came yesterday afternoon Eddie Dunn of the Cuban & Harris forces was telephoning. The noise made him jump clear out of his chair. Just then Tad, the office boy, came in the room.

"What do you mean?" demanded Eddie.

"That wasn't me," said Tad. "That was thunder."

"Well, don't let it happen again," snapped Eddie.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

I think I'll organize a club with members brave and strong and rough. My aim will be to kill the club who asks you if it's hot enough. We'll meet and vote a medal to each member who has killed a pest. To join the club won't cost a sou. We'll scatter branches east and west. When summer comes and I am warm and clothes stick to my back like glue, the pest comes in and starts a storm with "Is it hot enough for you?" I'd like to chase that guy around about a dozen city blocks and, as we ran, I'd like to throw bad eggs at him, and cans and rocks. He always seems to make his call on me at night in the shade. He asks his question in great glee, as though a salary were paid to him to irritate the busy men and put their tempers on the bum. Oh, would they'd send him to the pen, or that some plague would strike him dumb! What think you, Mister Busy Man, about this club I'd like to start? Of course, you understand the plan. To see its object takes no chart. Let's meet some day and put it through. 'Twould benefit the human race to swat these pests—at least, a few—and make this world a grand old place.

HE FORGOT HIMSELF.

Louis H. Chailf, formerly connected with the Russian Imperial Ballet, attended a fashionable wedding on Fifth Avenue the other morning. As he entered the church he noticed ahead of him a well known Broadwayite who had a sprightly girl on his arm. The two were new at the door by a very serious looking usher. The Broadwayite held up two fingers.

"Table for two, please," he said absently.

Even the solemn usher had to smile.

A TRAGEDY IN SONG.

Hans Robert, actor, has a wonderful ear for music. At least, one would believe this to be fact to hear Hans tell of a "tragedy in song" that came across his notice in the lobby of a Broadway hotel the other afternoon. The girl in the case is a telephone operator in a pay station in the hotel lobby. Hans doesn't know who or what the young man is. This is the way it happened, according to the actor who was loitering in one of the hotel's lobby chairs waiting for a friend.

The young man entered the hotel and took a seat about fifteen feet from the pay station operator. No sign of recognition did she offer. Instead she picked up a book and appeared to be deeply interested in its contents. Pretty soon a soft whistle floated across the lobby. The young man was whistling "I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You," an old minstrel ballad.

The girl paid no attention to the tune. The young man whistled the chorus several times and then tried the old song, "I'll Love You Till I Die." This one he whistled through twice. The girl moved restlessly in her chair. Then, without looking up from her book, she began to whistle softly. The tune was the old song "Good-Bye!" The young man heard it and then he sat and moved away. A moment later he went through the door on to the sidewalk and the tragedy of the song was ended.

"S'MATTER, POP?"

Did He Mean by Looking at Pop or by Asking Him?

By C. M. Payne



HENRY HASENPFEFFER

It's All the Same Whether You Spell It "Martial" or "Marital!"

By Bud Counihan



FLOOEY AND AXEL

As Matters Now Stand Axel Would Prefer to WALK!!!

By Vic



GOSSIP.

"Pollyanna" will probably go into the Hudson next season. Vincent Astor won't go to a theatre unless he can sit in the front row. Dan McCarthy and Eddie Dunn and their mothers will tour Long Island in autos next week. Frances Pritchard will be in "My Soldier Boy" next season. This will be Clifton Crawford's starring vehicle. This department was in error yesterday when it said "The Great Lover" would resume at the Longacre. It's the Candler. Lincoln J. Carter is going to London for the Messers Shubert to duplicate the cavalry charge now to be seen in the Winter Garden show. The Packard Theatrical Exchange has installed a musical department with Fred Rycroft in charge. He has been Henry W. Savage's engaging director. Mrs. Fernanda Rocchi Ribabuchinsky is to adopt a stage career. She is to appear next season as Beauty in "Experience." Leo Edwards and L. Wolfe Gilbert have written the only song in the new Hush & Andrews production, "Our Country First." The song is "That Funny Little Something." The Lights Club will give an entertainment at the Astor Theatre Sunday night. Twenty-five well known theatrical people will participate. Joseph Brooks is going to the Thousand Islands next week. He intends to remain away two weeks. Gustav von Seifertitz has decided not to produce "Papa," by Zoe Allen, until the new season is well under way. "Good Luck" Wodetzky is promoting a spectacular "preparedness week" at Pawtucket, R. I. It will begin to startle the natives next Monday. Albertina Rasch, the dancer, has been engaged to appear with the Ellis All-Star Opera Company, beginning in October. Leon Errol and the subway scene from a former edition of the "Polka" will be seen in vaudeville at the new Brighton Theatre next week.

FOOLISHMENT.

Joseph Johnson had a store. Which to him was quite a store. No, each party day in spring. He'd become a being kind. He'd close up his store and go. Children, never be liked Joe!

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

Dealer—Can I sell you a trunk, Pat? Dealer—What for? "To put your clothes in." "And go naked? Not a bit av it!"

THE EVENING WORLD'S Kiddie Klub Korner CONDUCTED BY ELEANOR SCHORER

COUSIN ELEANOR'S "KLUB KOLUMN."

DEAR KIDDIE COUSINS:

Instead of printing your letters and contributions to-day I want to devote the space to some of you who have not yet received your pins.

The post office has returned some letters with pins and certificates because the kiddies could not be found at the addresses given. If your name is in the list below send me your correct address and I will mail your pin and certificate to you.

Your Cousin ELEANOR.

Amel Bark, No. 86 First Street, New York.
John Boyce, No. 80 East Avenue, New York.
George Brokaw, No. 1173 East One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street, New York.
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George Jacobs, No. 144 East Ninety-seventh Street, New York.
Josephine Catalano, No. 408 Seneca Avenue, New York.
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Legrans, No. 122 Raymond Street, Brooklyn.
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William Manning, No. 525 Ninth Street, New York.
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Calvin Metz, No. 307 East One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, New York.
Anna Mullin, No. 178 East Avenue, Brooklyn.
Clement Fokky, No. 90 Crescent Street, Long Island City, N. Y.
Robert W. N. Hildall, No. 330 East One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street, New York.
Bellevue Rosenwald, No. 101 Livingston Street, New York.

DASH GRABBED DOT BY THE SHOULDER AND PULLED HER TO THE BANK.

HOW TO BECOME A KIDDIE KLUB MEMBER.

PIN COUPON NO. **33**

Save six pin coupons like the one above, printed in the Kiddie Klub Korner Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The numbers will be printed in rotation. You may start with any number. When you have six coupons, numbered in rotation, like 33-34-35-36-37-38, send them to the Kiddie Klub, Evening World, No. 63 Park Row, New York City, with a note, in which you must state—

YOUR NAME,
YOUR AGE,
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You must be careful to state these three things, as no application will be considered unless this information is complete. If your note and coupons meet the above conditions, upon receipt of them we will mail you your pin and a certificate of membership.

Every kiddie who joins the klub will receive a silver gray pin like the one here shown.

WHEN YOU WERE A BOY By Jack Callahan.



WHEN BEDTIME COMES.

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The Dog Who Became Brave.

DASH was very timid, and yet he was a dog. Now, usually we think they're such brave animals, and Dash came from a very brave family of Irish setters. He was long and had red hair—and he could certainly run.

In fact, the animals in the barnyard near the house where Dash lived told him that was the only thing he could do, and Dash had felt much ashamed. Red Top the Rooster said: "Cock-a-doodle do, you're a coward. You run away like the silly hens."

"Well, you're not so brave yourself," said Porky Pig, who was digging his feet in the soft mud. "I'm not a coward nor am I brave. I'm just fine and easy. And it's all I want to be."

"I'll do some very brave act this very day," said Dash. And save somebody's life, or maybe two or three lives—it doesn't make any difference how many! And off he started in search of a brave adventure. As he passed the farm house Dick and Dot, the two children of the farmer, ran out and Dash followed along, for he knew they were going for a walk.

He forgot all about searching for a brave adventure and he wagged his tail every time Dick or Dot spoke to him, which was his way of saying he was enjoying himself!

He trotted along and sometimes went off on long scampers. They walked through the fields and Dash bounded through the long grass. Just before they reached the woods they came to a high bank where below was a narrow stream. Dick told Dot to follow his steps, but side and alack, she slipped on a mossy stone and down—straight into the stream she fell. Dick laughed because he knew that the stream was so deep, and he was waiting to hear Dot laugh at her ducking, too, when he saw Dash scramble down the bank and into the water. Dot's head appeared above the water and Dash, the former coward who always ran away, had grabbed her by the shoulder and was pulling her to the bank. For with his dog's understanding he had known, somehow, she was in danger.

When he got back to the farm and Dick had led Dot, dripping wet, into the house, the other animals wanted to know all that had happened. But

HONORABLE MENTION—JUNE PICTURE CONTEST

How Agnes Delevan, aged six, No. 73 West One Hundred and Second Street, would like to spend her vacation.

THE KIDDIE KLUB'S JULY PICTURE CONTEST.

Subject—"What Is Your Favorite Summer Game?"

The Evening World will give five one-dollar awards for pictures drawn this month by KIDDIE KLUB members only. One dollar each for the best picture drawn by a member not over seven years old, eight to nine years old, ten to eleven, twelve to thirteen, fourteen to fifteen years old—five classes in all. Pictures must be received not later than July 20, and must illustrate the idea suggested above. Beneath your picture you must write your name, address, age and the number on your membership certificate. Address KIDDIE KLUB PICTURE CONTEST, Evening World, No. 63 Park Row, N. Y. City.